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real value of the spade may be. So, had Mr. Gordon Bennett called his paper the "New Cut Herald," it is extremely probable that his child would have lived to become a valuable factor in the vulgarisation of life. And finally, lest any unfair inferences should be drawn from these sayings, we may add that this explanation is simply offered for the consolation of those who had been fearing that the demise of our late contemporary betokened an improvement of taste among the British public.

\*\*\*

The burning of the Alhambra Palace at Granada has thrown a vivid light on this same question of journalistic virtue. There was a San Francisco editor, to wit, who, not subscribing to any foreign news agency, was content to borrow his latest telegrams from his contemporaries. So, having noticed the line, "Fire at the Alhambra" on the notice-boards of another journal, he turned on his most picturesque reporter to concoct a description of the occurrence. Unfortunately, he imagined that the London Alhambra was meant, and the despatch gave a harrowing picture of the ballet-girls rushing wildly into the street, "mit nodings on" but their brief and airy stage-dresses. Moreover, said the "telegram," the Queen had sent a message of condolence. Of course the editor's mistake was discovered; and he offered the remarkable excuse that whereas every American knew of the London theatre, very few had ever heard of that in Granada.

\*\*\*

We imagine that English readers are more sensible than the Americans thus indicated of the great and irreparable loss to art and history involved in the destruction of so splendid and unique a memorial. Many are familiar with its history, and more have felt for it a personal affection since, as children, they read the picturesque traditions which Washington Irving gave us, but which seem to be unknown to the American editor. The epoch of which it was a monument was one, however, which exerted a deeper and more lasting influence on European civilization than many suppose; and for this reason, as well as for the intrinsic beauties of the building, its loss is the more regrettable. What a pity that Mr. Frederic Harrison's scheme for the construction of a modern Pompeii had not been carried into effect before this disaster! As it is, the Moorish Court at the Crystal Palace is now the untravelled student's only source of illustration; and, inadequate though they may be, it is well that such faithful, though incomplete, models of historic buildings should be accessible. It is not easy to overrate the value to artistic history of such typical monuments, and in providing such accurate representations the big conservatory at Sydenham becomes a priceless educational factor.

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We have discovered an optimist critic, and as such a being is a shy and infrequent thing—*rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno*—we hasten to communicate the pleasant news. The orthodox method amongst naturalists who discover a "rare bird" is, we believe, to shoot it. Let us take deadly aim. The critic is he of "Life," and he displays his optimism in the following interesting way. Mr. Barrington Foote recently sang at a Promenade Concert that sublime inspiration of Balfe's chaste muse, "The Heart Bow'd Down"; and thereinto, in daring defiance of the Composer's Intention, as it has been defined in these pages, he introduced a cadenza "out of his own head." "Life" hereupon rebukes the audacious artist smartly, and says: "Unless Mr. Foote is careful he will be hissed off the stage for this impudent interpolation one of these fine nights." Let the writer's loyalty to Balfe and his childlike belief in the purity of public taste atone for the curious literary style of the criticism. Is this

# The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1890.

## FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Are not our contemporaries unduly hard on Mr. Gordon Bennett, who is now mourning the untimely death of the London daily edition of the "New York Herald"? It appears to us that Mr. Bennett is quite worthy of the sympathy which the English public seldom denies to those who have tried honestly to please it. Mr. Gordon Bennett, we apprehend, beheld that vulgarity and flippancy were obvious, if unacknowledged characteristics of the enlightened society of England to-day. He saw the demand for "personal" journalism, with its more or less scurrilous tittle-tattle and impertinences; and, noting the success of the journals which catered to these tastes, the proprietor of the "New York Herald" naturally imagined that by endeavouring to supply the public with the goods required he would win its support. But, as concert-givers know, the British public is a fickle and wayward creature, and still retains vestiges of its old national pride. It will buy American vulgarity eagerly as presented by an English paper such as — well, "you know who"; but it could not buy the same article when offered unblushingly by a professedly American paper. Here is where Mr. Gordon Bennett's judgment was at fault. He had not realised that in England you must not call a spade a spade; you must call it a mission for the advancement of something, or a promenade concert—it really does not matter what, nor does it matter what the

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optimist really sincere? Mr. Foote is an excellent artist, who might safely be trusted to make no alterations—in Balfe's music, at any rate—which would seriously interfere with the effect of the composition. But even if he had done so, does "Life" really believe that the average audience would "care or know?" Did not a Promenade audience recently applaud Mr. Sims Reeves with tumultuous enthusiasm when that gentleman, forgetful for the moment of the responsibilities which devolve on so great an artist, tampered with the text of "My Pretty Jane?" Still, a trustful faith in anything—even in public taste—is an amiable thing which it were a pity to disturb. So "Life" may persevere in its optimism.

\* \*

A good deal has been said—and ought to be said—about the discourtesy with which the audience at the Lyceum on Saturday night treated Dr. Mackenzie's incidental music to "Ravenswood." Even those musical critics who went expressly to hear it were unable to do so, for both overture and *entr'actes* were drowned in the hubbub of conversation. Most of those who filled the stalls and boxes were, presumably, Mr. Irving's guests; but they were apparently forgetful that a guest has certain responsibilities as well as privileges. Was it, one must ask, exactly courteous to refuse to listen with attention and respect to so eminent a composer? or to prevent those who were really anxious to hear the music from doing so? or to ignore, as of no interest, what had been provided by their liberal host as an added attraction? An audience which, to the popular mind, represents the highest circles of society, fashionable, literary, and artistic, should hardly need instruction in the ordinary canons of politeness. Condemnation on this score will not be evaded by the excuse that the audience had come to see the play—that the play was the thing. It is a common reproach against musicians that they care for nothing outside their own art. Are we to believe that the same thing is true of the playgoing public? For the credit of the English stage, and of English society, we hope that such conspicuously bad manners will quickly give place to better.

\* \*

*A propos*, it may be as well to remark that, notwithstanding assertion to the contrary, every note of the incidental music to "Ravenswood" has been written by Dr. Mackenzie.

\* \*

The attention of subscribers and others is particularly directed by the Committee of the Royal Choral Society to "the special attractiveness of the concerts to be given during the season of 1890-91." This special attractiveness, it would appear, consists in the fact that no new works are to be performed, the Festival harvest fields being left quite uncleaned. The season opens with "Elijah," on Nov. 12, followed by Berlioz' "Faust" (Nov. 26), "The Rose of Sharon" (Dec. 10), "Messiah" (Jan. 1), "Israel in Egypt" (Jan. 21), "The Redemption" (Feb. 11), "St. Paul" (March 11), "Messiah" (Good Friday, March 27), "Mors et Vita" (April 15), and "The Golden Legend" (May 6). Some amateurs may perhaps discern special attractions in this programme. For our own part, we shall not conceal our disappointment that Mr. Barnby will not occupy his splendid forces in the interpretation of some less hackneyed works—a disappointment which is scarcely lessened by our appreciation of the quiet satire obvious in the phrase we have quoted. The Royal Choral Society is, rightly or wrongly, considered by many to fulfil functions towards native choral music identical with those filled towards native orchestral music by the Philharmonic Society; and those who so regard it will hardly feel

satisfied that it discharges its responsibilities fully by the production of no more recent English works than "The Rose of Sharon" and "The Golden Legend." The artists engaged are for the most part as familiar as the works, with the exception of Madame Schmidt-Koehne, of Berlin, and Madame Sviatlovsky, of Moscow. The other singers announced are Madame Albani, Madame Nordica, Miss Macintyre, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Belle Cole, Miss Hilda Wilson; Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Ivor McKay, Mr. Henschel, and Mr. Watkin Mills.

\* \*

M. Sardou is justly indignant with the "Daily Telegraph," one of whose writers had recently accused him of libelling Shakespeare. The famous French dramatist addresses the following fierce letter to the editor. The comments upon the whole duty of journalists are not unneeded:—

"MONSIEUR—En réponse à un article du 'Daily Telegraph,' daté du 27 Août, vous trouverez bon que je vous adresse deux mots de rectification.

L'auteur se serait épargné des frais d'éloquence inutiles s'il avait pris le soin de vérifier tout d'abord l'exactitude de ses assertions. Il donne comme certain que la 'Cléopâtre' qui doit être créée prochainement par Sarah Bernhardt est une adaptation de celle de Shakespeare; c'est une erreur. Il eut été plus sage d'attendre l'apparition de la pièce pour parler en connaissance de cause que d'affirmer cette présumée adaptation à seule fin d'écrire un article malveillant, qui, portant à faux, n'a plus de raison d'être.

"On pense bien qu'il n'a pas négligé de ré-éditer à cette occasion ma fameuse phrase sur Shakespeare: 'Qui n'a pas le moindre talent!' Mais il a oublié de prouver que je l'ai réellement dite. Il ne suffit pas que l'on m'attribue une sottise, pour qu'elle soit à mon actif. Je ne suis pas, il est vrai, des idolâtres qui admirent Shakespeare sans réserves, et je me permets de trouver que sa statue usurpe en plein Paris la place qui conviendrait mieux à celle de notre Corneille; mais de là au jugement que l'on me prête, il y a loin; et je mets votre rédacteur au défi de citer un écrit de moi, quel qu'il soit, où figure cette enorgueillement."

"Il n'a même pas l'excuse de la bonne foi; car j'ai protesté publiquement contre cette phrase légendaire; et s'il prétend que ma protestation lui était inconnue, je lui répondrai qu'un journaliste qui se respecte n'a pas le droit de connaître l'accusation et d'ignorer la défense.—Agréez, Monsieur, mes salutations distinguées,

"Paris, Sept., 1890."

"V. SARDOU.

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We see it all at last. With a crass blindness for which there is no excuse we thought that the curious mistakes which have from time to time made the "Musical Standard" so entertaining were the result of carelessness. *In nos convertite tēla*, O slighted jester so much misunderstood by our dull wits! For, behold, it is only the "Standard's" fun. Our good contemporary—the "Old Morality" of music—has been doing all these things in pure gaiety of heart, we are sure of it, for the humour of the last mistake in its columns is not concealed with the same consummate art as has hidden the other jokes. Here it is: à propos of the opening of a London branch by Messrs. Breitkopf and Haertel. "The great German firm will no doubt receive a substantial supper from English artists and lovers of music." We need not insist on the exquisite funniness of the notion that the music-buying public in England are wont to entertain the leading publishers at "substantial suppers." But to think that, but for the sudden apocalypse of humour, we should never have known what a gay old joker the "Musical Standard" really is!

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Signor Lago's season of opera at Covent Garden is now announced definitely to open on Oct. 18, though we believe that the work for that occasion is not yet decided on. The impresario certainly deserves success, and we heartily wish he may attain it. He is at present

abroad, busily occupied in completing the engagement of his artists. Madame Tavary, Miss Fanny Moody, Miss Grace Damian, who now makes her *début* on the operatic stage, the Sisters Ravogli (engaged especially for Gluck's "Orfeo"), and, above all, M. Maurel, the great French baritone; these are amongst the best-known to English readers. But, in addition, there are Mdlle. Emma Strömfeld, a young Scandinavian who has won a high reputation at such opposite poles as Moscow and Madrid, and who will appear as Catarina in "L'Etoile du Nord"; Signor Giannini, whose interpretation of the title-part in Verdi's "Otello" has been much eulogised; Signori Padilla, Galassi, Zoane, and Meroles. The list of works promised is still incomplete, but "Tannhäuser"—with M. Maurel; "La Gioconda"—with Miss Damian as La Cieca; "Faust," "Lohengrin," and, it is hoped, "Otello," with Madame Albani as Desdemona, will probably be given. The prices of admission will be considerably less than those usual during an opera season.

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The Royal College of Music is certainly a very lucky institution into whose cradle the musical fairies must have dropped many gifts and many promises. Mr. Samson Fox's gift of £45,000 is but an affair of yesterday, and now to-day the College Library has been enriched by a very valuable gift. This is the musical library collected by the late Mr. James Windsor, of Bath, which has been bequeathed to the College by his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Windsor, and has just been delivered at Kensington Gore through the intervention of Sir Rutherford Alcock, Miss Windsor's brother-in-law. The library consists of many valuable historical and theoretical works, operatic scores, and cathedral music, together with some very interesting autographs.

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"The music of Elsa's part is not trying, being chiefly of a light and florid nature, but it abounds in vocal pyrotechnics, which count for much with an audience."

This remarkable criticism is not taken from the "Daily Telegraph," as those might perhaps suppose who remembered certain curious utterances of that journal on the characteristics of the heroine of "Lohengrin." No—it comes from the Chicago "Herald." So there is little more to be said about the matter. It is hard, of course, for those of us who had believed in Wagner, who had looked upon him as our great champion against them that write "vocal pyrotechnics."

"Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more."

Good-bye, Wagner.

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Schumann, in a letter addressed to Hauptmann von Fricken, and dated September, 1834, tells the following good story of Ludwig Böhner (1787-1860), who in his palmy days, he says, was as celebrated as Beethoven:—"One day he had arranged to give a concert at Oldenburg. The audience had assembled, and every one was on the tiptoe of expectation, when presently he appeared in the organ gallery, and leaning over announced: 'It is not possible for a Ludwig Böhner to play before such an idiotic audience.' Von Bülow has been credited with a good many eccentricities, but we do not think that he has equalled, or at least, beaten this.

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*A propos* of Schumann's correspondence, we have often regretted that his "Early Letters," translated by Miss May Herbert, and published by Messrs. Bell and Sons in 1888, have not been followed up by an English version of the later series of letters, edited

in Germany by F. G. Jansen, and which, it may be said, are fully as interesting from a musical point of view as the earlier ones are for their domesticity. We are glad, therefore, to note that this has now been brought about. Miss May Herbert is again the translator, and the later letters have been just issued in an English dress by Messrs. Bentley and Son, but under the catchpenny title of "The Life of Robert Schumann, told in his Letters."

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This is on a par with Liszt's "F. Chopin," an American translation of which was issued some years ago by an English publisher under the title of "Life of Chopin." The result was that reviewers pounced upon the book—a very readable one as a poetic rhapsody, as a critique of Chopin's works, and as telling much of Chopin's surroundings—and denounced it as inadequate as a biography. *Absit Omen!* May the English edition of Schumann's later letters escape a like fate!

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The "Melbourne Argus" of August 11 gives an account of a convivial gathering of musicians which took place at 137, Elizabeth-street, where Messrs. Atkin, Crawford, and Co., who represent the London pianoforte manufacturing firms of John Broadwood and Sons and Collard and Collard, have just commenced business. Especial interest attached to the proceedings on account of the presence of Sir Charles Hallé, whose preference for Broadwood pianos is well known. The speeches usual on such occasions were made, and good wishes for the success of the new firm were warmly expressed.

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With reference to the paragraph which appears in our "Foreign Notes" of August 30th, wherein it is stated that the North German musical papers make no mention of the musical performances at Vienna on the occasion of the "Deutsche Sangerbundes-Fest," a correspondent draws our attention to the fact that such notices appear in the Leipzig "Signale," the Leipzig "Neue Zeitschrift," the "Deutsche Zeitung," the Hamburg "Signale," and the Musik-alische "Rundschau."

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Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, a well-known Shakespearian enthusiast, is about to issue, through Messrs. Harrison and Sons, a treatise on "Macbeth" and Shakespearian Representation. The work is, apparently, an attack upon the Lyceum performance of "Macbeth," and will be embellished with a frontispiece cleverly designed by Mr. Philip Harry Newman, elaborately allegorical of the purpose of the book.

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Messrs. Eden, Remington, and Co. have in the press a translation, by Mr. Sutherland Edwards, of "Carmen Sylva's" "Pensées d'une Reine." This translation possesses the advantage of having been read in proof by the Queen of Roumania herself, who, we understand, after making several valuable suggestions, has given her entire approval to Mr. Edwards's version.

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We are unable to give our readers any account of the opera "Black Rover," which was produced at the Globe Theatre on Tuesday, for the sufficient reason that we received no invitation to be present. This is the more remarkable inasmuch as, in deference to the urgent request of the management, we inserted last week what was practically a gratuitous advertisement announcing the forthcoming production of the work.

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We understand that Sir George Elvey and Sir Herbert Oakeley have severed their connection with the Church Choir Guild.

The Carl Rosa people are meeting, it would seem, with their usual success in the provinces. The "Northern Whig" of Belfast speaks enthusiastically of Madame Georgina Burns as Violetta, which part she played last week. This week the company goes to Manchester, whither Mr. Cowen journeyed on Thursday to conduct the performance of "Thorgrim."

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Miss Edith Margaret Nunn, fourth daughter of Mr. J. H. Nunn, a gentleman well known in musical circles in Penzance, was married, on the 18th inst., to Mr. William Pitcairn, Robley, Barrow-on-Furness.

### THE SOCIAL FORCES WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED MUSIC.

BY J. F. ROWBOTHAM.

## I.

The old-fashioned notion that music is merely an independent utterer of sound—which exists in the midst of us somewhat in the same way that dancing and embroidery flourish, possessing no further interest to its student than what may be gained from a consideration of its rules and methods—is now an idea of the obsolete past. We have learnt to look upon music as something infinitely higher and more imposing, by admitting it into the confederacy of forces which together make up life. We regard it as speaking a spirit which from time to time varies, not otherwise than poetry utters the emotions and feelings of its age, or the collective oratory of an epoch voices forth the dominant political sentiments of the time. In precisely the same way may the thoughts and feelings of the time be seen passing in a flush across the music of the age; so manifestly, too, that an investigator of the future might very well undertake to reconstruct the inner and more spiritual life of to-day by reference, as his data, to its music alone. It is our purpose in the present series of papers to consider the art amid the world, exposed to the influences of life around it, which are often so vividly mirrored on its surface; to show how it expresses the operations of such forces, and how it is moulded by them; and to select certain epochs in its history which furnish the most graphic illustrations of our title.

When the music of Greece passed over to Rome it differed from the condition of its first surroundings in having attained, with greater pomp, a certain coarseness very far removed from the classical delicacy of Greek art. The spectacle usual in the Greek theatres of a chorus of dancers careering in graceful evolutions round the altar of Bacchus, accompanied by a band of flute players, and singing the while the most melodious and rhythmic strains, had given way by the Roman times, and in the capital of the world, to an immense pageantry and accumulation of performers, whose efforts may have been colossal, but were infinitely less artistic. "There were sometimes more performers on the stage," says Seneca, an eye-witness of Roman music in its heyday, "than there were people in the vast theatre itself. The passages were full of singers, the orchestra was thronged with trumpets, and every kind of pipe and musical instrument pealed forth its sounds." "Three thousand female dancers," says Gibbon, "and three thousand singers filled the vast and magnificent theatres of Rome, along with the masters of the respective choruses. The costly instruments of the theatre, the flutes, the enormous lyres, and the water-organs, were constructed for their use; and the harmony of vocal and instrumental music was incessantly repeated in the palaces of Rome."

Such a music as this was evidently of a highly sensuous cast, fitted only to amuse, to intoxicate, and to inflame. To such a consummation, unworthy of its fair beginning, had the Greek music advanced in the metropolis of the civilized world. The bards chanting to their lyres and blending in an inimitable manner poetry and song, the troops of youths and maidens threading the dances and weaving those lively steps which afterwards produced the fine rhythms of the choruses, the labours of fastidious theorists, and the chaste and elegant spectacle of Attic tragedy—the culmination of Greek music—these found their apotheosis, or rather their anti-climax, in the colossal and bewildering art of Rome. The spirit of the Roman music in the Imperial times was voluptuousness, effeminacy, sensual enjoyment. We may imagine the swells of sense-thrilling sound which swept through its vast orchestras; the blasts pealing from the throngs of

trumpets; the whistling of the flutes; the twanging of the lyres; and the boom of the great water-organs. Pleasure was the sole end of its existence. It knew of nothing higher. Nay, the scenes in which it figured will very emphatically teach us what spirit the music spoke. This vast array of instruments, this pageantry of music, was marshalled and assembled in the theatre, its home and meeting-place, to accompany the wanton motions of dancing-girls; to whisper, to sob, to warble, to inflame, while Myrrhine or Thryallis played Venus or Leda to the life on the stage. Perpetual performances of such a nature occupied the Roman theatres reign after reign. We read, moreover, how the taste and ideas of the musical world in private life were founded on the practice of the theatres, and how the influences we have just spoken of were not limited in their operation to public scenes alone, but were extended into the very inmost recesses of domestic privacy. The actors, the dancers, the chorus-masters, but above all the singers and musicians, were the pets and lions of the Roman ladies. For every fashionable lady must learn to play and sing; and who so capable of instructing her as the professional musicians from the theatres? We have an account of a music-lesson in a Latin poet, and hear how the fair pupil sat toying with tortoise-shell lyre studded with sardonyxes, while her music-master, bending over her, poured more love than music into her ears. Every now and then she would strike the strings by way of a change. Such intimate association did these relations bring about between society at large and the performers at the theatres, that the Roman ladies were divided into parties after the manner of the Gluck and Piccini quarrels, each supporting their favourite singers or dancers against the champions of the other side. The subjects of the theatrical performances, which were known as "pantomimes," were taken from Greek mythology; but the chaste and simple fable was often sadly perverted for the sake of infusing licentious elements into its action, and of producing a pageant on the stage which the most abandoned *roué*'s of Louis Quatorze's time might perhaps have blushed to look at. An enormous orchestra in part accompanied the action of the pantomime with their instruments, and large choruses of singers stood on the stage, describing by their songs the story impersonated by the lascivious *figurantes* around them.

It was at this time in the life of the Imperial city that a belated wayfarer coming home at night through the Flaminian or Latin way, or other road on the outskirts of the town, might have seen lights moving among the tombs, or glimmering from the catacombs underground; and muffled voices would strike his ear as of men engaged in secret prayer and forbidden rites. The people whom he thus saw, or surmised he saw, were the Christians; the muffled voices which fell on his ear were the sounds of their prayers, their psalms, or their hymns. They met always in the evening, and often at dead of night, for fear of the law, which prohibited secret assemblies. They conducted their worship and their services among the tombs, because they were outcasts from the city. Their psalms, we read, had no metre, and would fit no tunes—none of the gay tunes of Greece and Rome that were fluttering on the golden surface of life. But a new style of strain was theirs, different to all that had been in the world before. For how was Greek music born? Amidst the patter of the dancers' feet, in showers of sunlight, and swimming of the senses. But how was Christian music coming? In subterranean vaults, from desperate men, to whom sorrow was a sister and fear their familiar. The psalms in their services they muttered and mumbled rather than sang. On happier days they would exalt their voices perhaps—but still it was far from singing. It was a new music growing out of the bosom of speech, and one of the few which we may catch in the act.

How different was the spirit which this new music was born to express compared with that of the Pagan music which was ere long to waver and faint before it. The theatres, the homes of the musical art in the ancient world, were to the Christians "sinks of foul iniquity," "temples of the accursed demon, Venus." If a Christian maiden by chance heard one of the unholy songs sung there, she was commanded to shut her ears and not listen to it; as for a flute, a lyre, or a cithara, she must not even know what they mean. In their zeal to obtain perfect purity of utterance the early Christians banished all musical instruments from their services. They held that the only object of song was to praise the Lord. "We ourselves are the harps: our tongues are the strings"—as they phrased it in their quaint metaphor. "More than this the Lord does not require." "Far be from us those florid songs and dissipated music which corrupt the morals!"

Let us for a moment contemplate this entirely new social force which had arisen to influence music, and premise with a feeling of curious interest the results which will flow from it. These Christians will gradually usurp the

dominion of their Pagan masters, and will carry out consistently their theory of music which they first conceived in the catacombs. The ancient modes of Greece will drop one by one away; many, most of the instruments belonging to the same form of art will become obsolete; the dances will die and the metres with them; the theatres will be empty, and churches built in their room. Meanwhile the professors of the new music of the world have been endeavouring to express their heartfelt emotions and earnest wrestlings of the spirit in musical tones. The humble architecture they have thus reared, though rude, is intensely genuine. They are the assertors of a principle which appears from time to time in musical history—that at certain epochs and for certain reasons the stern unaided judgment of plain men must be allowed to override all the principles and elaborate traditions of a complicated art. Music has had to submit to this experience, and for centuries we may see it sorely stunted and chafing under the fetters thus laid on it, which, however, become silken in the end. As it has received quite a new spirit by being made merely the sober vehicle of religious devotion, so it will receive new forms in like manner and from the same source. The character of the services, the needs of chanting, the divisions of the ceremonial, the lengths, the ceremonies, the subjects, will be imprinted on the music in course of centuries as upon wax, until at last, could Christian music be brought face to face with the obsolete Pagan, it would appear like the music of another planet compared with that in whose midst and ultimately upon whose ruins it sprung.

So may our art be entirely affected and changed by the influences that are brought to bear upon it—not merely in outward appearances, such as the preference for certain methods of expression, the partiality for certain forms, but down to the last note of its scale, down to every instrument which serves as the medium of its utterance. All may change on the application of a given social force, as surely as on a wind striking a lake the glassy surface of the wave is changed to a ruffled mass of ripples, which no denizen of the waters has power to quell. We have selected a perspicuous example of this fact from the earlier epochs of musical history. Later ones are not barren of illustrations which in different manners bear evidence to the same truth. The most important of these we propose to give. We shall see Christian music itself submitting to the influence of new forces and the infusion of a new spirit, until we behold with tolerable entirety the various influences in their origin and working which have made modern music what it is.

(To be continued.)

### BEETHOVEN AND THE "IMMORTAL BELOVED."

An article contributed by Theodor Helm to the "Deutsche Zeitung," and reproduced in the "Musikalisches Wochenblatt" for Sept. 11, gives some information with reference to the little work lately published at Bonn, in which the "unsterbliche Geliebte" of Beethoven is, on what seems to be almost indisputable evidence, identified with the Countess Teresa v. Brunswick. It will probably be interesting if we briefly summarize the chief points of the article in question. The story begins, of course, with the well-known fact that, after Beethoven's death, there were found in a secret drawer of his desk three letters in his own handwriting, dated simply 6 and 7 July, without any year being added. The third of these letters begins with the words, "Good morning! Whilst I was still in my bed my thoughts flew to thee, my immortal Beloved." Who then was the "immortal Beloved" to whom these passionate letters were addressed? The early biographers of Beethoven, Schindler, Marx, Nohl, &c., entertained no doubt that the lady was the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, to whom the so-called "Moonlight" sonata is dedicated, and who was unquestionably regarded by the composer with feelings of admiration and friendship, if not with a warmer feeling. But the latest biographer, Mr. A. W. Thayer, had doubts on the point—doubts sufficiently justified by one or two facts the significance of which seems to have been overlooked by the earlier writers. In the first place, along with the letters in the secret drawer was found the portrait of a lady—Countess Teresa Brunswick—with an address in the lady's own writing, which read thus, "To the rare Genius, the great Artist, the excellent Man, from T. B." With this likeness in his hand, walking up

and down, talking to himself, and with tears in his eyes, the composer was found one day in the year of his death by one of his most intimate friends and devoted admirers, Court-Councillor v. Spaun. What Spaun only suspected Mr. Thayer set himself to ascertain, and after the most minute and careful researches he came to the conclusion that the three letters were written by Beethoven from some Hungarian watering-place in the year 1806, and that they were unquestionably addressed to the Countess Teresa Brunswick. These conclusions of Mr. Thayer's are now corroborated by the positive statements of the authoress of the little *brochure* just published, a lady, who having been in early life adopted by the Countess as a *protégé*, became a companion and an intimate friend. It is a pity that the authoress does not give her name, but only signs herself M. T. There seems, however, no reason to doubt her statements, though one or two little inaccuracies in dates, &c., must be allowed for. Much of the work is taken up with testimonies to the lofty character of the Countess: the most important of these being that of the great painter Cornelius, the mention of whom introduces a most striking anecdote. The authoress tells us that she went with a party of friends to visit him, and that when she stayed shyly in the background, one of the party pointed her out to the artist, saying "She knows the Countess Teresa Brunswick," whereupon he went up and offered her his arm, led the party into his sitting-room, and began an enthusiastic eulogy of the Countess, in the midst of which he stopped and said to M. T., "You know the story of Beethoven and the piano lesson?" "Yes, indeed. How could I help knowing it?" "Well, then, tell it now. We all love to hear these tales of childhood, and this, I take it, was the prelude to a life-drama." The story, briefly told, runs thus: Countess Teresa, then about fourteen, was taking lessons of Beethoven. It was a bitterly cold day in the winter of 1794, and snow lay deep on the ground; the girl sat at the piano, waiting for her teacher, for she knew that weather made little difference to him. By and by Beethoven arrived, and she saw in an instant by his looks that his thoughts were bent on other things than giving a lesson. He said abruptly, "Practised your sonata?" She began to stammer out that she had tried, but . . . "Let me see." He stood behind her, and when she began her piece too fast he said once or twice "tempo." But his manner frightened her, and she struck a wrong note; Beethoven, intending to correct it, instead of striking the key brought his hand down heavily on her's, and then, apparently angry at what he had done, rushed to the door and left the house without waiting to take his coat or hat. Alarmed beyond measure at the idea of his going out in such weather without his hat and overcoat, she caught up the things and ran out after him. Meanwhile the noise had reached the ears of her mother, who was in an adjoining room, and who, coming to see what was the matter, was horrified to find her daughter gone, and gone out in the street after a music-master. The servant, being instantly despatched to fetch the young lady back, found Beethoven standing at the corner of the street, and the Countess, with the coat, hat, and stick, timidly waiting a little way off, not daring to approach her master. Not till ten years later did Beethoven learn the terrible risk that his young pupil had run on his behalf, and it is quite probable that the discovery tended to increase the affection which had then taken a strong hold of him. It was not, however, Teresa's mother, but her brother, who encouraged the attachment of the lovers, and according to M. T. he expressly sanctioned their betrothal, on the two conditions that the affair should be kept an absolute secret, and that no marriage should take place until the composer was in receipt of an adequate and fixed income. This last condition was never realised, and after lasting four years the engagement was put an end to, as the authoress assures us, with the greatest pain to both parties. M. T. tells us that as long as she remained with the Countess she used regularly to lay a wreath of *immortelles*, on her behalf, on Beethoven's grave on each anniversary of his death. A fact of great interest and importance, for which our authoress quotes a certain Frau Hebenstreit, is that the Countess Teresa was the original of Beethoven's Leonora; but the evidence of this cannot be said to be very convincing, unless we accept Frau Hebenstreit's statement as decisive. If the relations between the parties were such as described in M. T.'s little book, it will perhaps be thought strange that the only one of the composer's works dedicated to the Countess Brunswick should be the sonata in F sharp, Op. 78, a work of simple and genial character, quite unfitted to describe the feelings of the composer towards his "immortal Beloved." Herr Helm, therefore, suggests, and with much plausibility, that the story of the composer's love

is to be found in the sonata entitled (though not by Beethoven himself) "Appassionata," which is dedicated to the Countess's brother Franz, and that in this way the composer expressed his feelings through his art without telling his secret to the outside world. We may well accept the theory, which would lend an additional interest to a work whose beauties hardly seem to admit of any enhancement.

The Countess Teresa died in 1861, unmarried, beloved and honoured throughout Austria and Hungary as one of the most amiable and philanthropic ladies of her age and country. It was not to Beethoven only that she was immortal and beloved.

#### MR. KREHBIEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

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Mr. Krehbiel's "Review of the New York Musical Season"—the fifth yearly issue of which has been forwarded to us by Messrs. Novello, its publishers—appeals to a far wider circle of readers than a consideration of its title alone would to most persons probably imply. Those who need such works for purposes of reference, and others to whom the musical doings of our American cousins are of special interest, will scarcely need telling that as a guide in such matters Mr. Krehbiel would be "hard to beat;" but he is not so generally known on this side the water as a philosopher and friend. It is in these capacities that we wish more especially to recommend him to those among our readers who are not likely to take much interest in the "dates and data" which give his book its chief *raison d'être*. The articles on Mozart's "Don Giovanni," on "Parsifal," on the conducting of Herr Nikisch and the value of tradition in orchestral readings, on Offenbach and his relation to the Second Empire, on Hungarian National Music and the influence of the Gipsies thereon, on Otto Hegner, Sarasate, d'Albert, on American choral societies and conductors, on "The Gondoliers," and on many other subjects are critical and historical essays of permanent value. That on "Don Giovanni" gives a long account of the American career of the librettist of that immortal work, Da Ponte, who is buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery of New York, and whose financial troubles there drew from him a poem, "Storia Americana ossia il Lamento," portion of which translated into English by the old poet himself Mr. Krehbiel quotes. We subjoin a few sentences from the article on Offenbach:—

"Steadily during the last decade liking for it has grown apace, and Paris never danced more madly to the piping of the Satyr of the Champs Elysees than New York and London are trying to dance to the echoes of his music now. But the old magic of his melodies is gone. The time is ripe for his successor, yet the world is sterile. "He was the Beethoven of the sneer," said Emile Bergerat, when Offenbach died, and then with a fantastic pencil worthy of Jean Paul he drew a dreadful picture of Offenbach and his times; of the mighty fiddler beating time upon the well-filled goatskin or sawing away across the strings, his mouth widened with a grin "like some drunken conception of Edgar Poe, or some fantasy of Hoffman," while the startled birds flew back to heaven, the moon split herself back to her ears, and the stars giggled behind their cloud-fans. "The planetary system only revolved to frisky rhythms, and the earth herself, like a mad top, hummed comically about the terrified sun. *En avant la musique!* And the old edifice crumbled in dust all around the musician." To Bergerat Offenbach was the great disillusioner of the age, the incarnation of what he conceives to be the spirit of the nineteenth century, a spirit that hates and contemns the past, mocks at the things which the holy simplicity of former centuries held sacred, throws ridicule upon social sentiments, rank, caste, ceremonialism, learning, religion."

Mr. Krehbiel, as a prominent champion in America of the Wagner cause, is naturally abused by the "Pullbacks," which are to be found even in progressive America, as a "fanatic." The extracts which follow will serve to show the justice of the accusation. Speaking of "Parsifal," he says:—

"Unless one is able to read the mystical symbolism into the work which Wagner intended, the temptation becomes strong to question its right to being considered as in any sense a reflex of the religious feeling of to-day. It is beautiful in its philosophy and also profound, but in its dramatic manifestations it is too persistently mediæval and monkish to satisfy nineteenth century intelligence. The adoration of the relics of Christ's passion, and the idea that all human virtues are summed up in celibate chastity were products of an age whose theories and practices as regards sex relationship can have no echo in modern civilization.

Wolfram von Eschenbach's married Parsifal, who clings with fond devotion to the memory of the wife whom he was obliged to tear himself from in order to undertake the quest, and who loses himself in tender brooding for a long time when the sight of blood-spots on the snow suggests to his fancy the red and white of his wife's cheeks, seems to me to be a much more amiable and human hero than the young ascetic of Wagner."

This is what the "Wagnerian fanatic" thinks of Brahms:—

"Brahms' Violin Concerto in D is a stately, even a magnificent composition, worthy to be placed by the side of the concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn for the innate nobility of its thoughts, the sustained power evinced in their development, and its freedom from meretriciousness in idea and treatment. With Brahms alive to write such music in the classic forms the end of "formal" music can not be said to have arrived."

And here is his opinion of "Don Giovanni":—

"Dr. Johnson's maxim that after the lapse of some hundred years every good book on manners and customs ought to be re-edited might be applied with great profit to "Don Giovanni." There is no doubt that a careful study of the work in its present relation to the public would disclose that the century has wrought a stupendous revolution in taste, but I should be sorry to think that there had been any loss of appreciation for the essential merits of the composition. As much as any work of art that ever was created, this wonderful masterpiece deserves immortality. But if it is to maintain a living influence it must be rescued from hidebound, foolish, and ignorant tradition. It may be that it will only be at long intervals that any community will be privileged to hear it sung in all its parts as it deserves to be sung, but every earnest effort to shadow forth the dramatic conceptions of its peerless composer will provide noble pleasure for the lovers of the true, the beautiful, and the good in music."

#### THE TENOR TIMBRE.

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TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: There are some rather strange complications growing out of the statement made recently in the "Scots Observer" concerning the definition of a tenor voice:—"A tenor is one who sings tenor music." Does this mean *some* tenor music? if so then are *all* tenor voices? for the lowest section of the tenor compass is sung alike by sopranos, altos, and basses. Or does it mean *all* tenor music? then practically there are *no* tenors. For the singer who can procure the highest notes written for this voice can seldom get the lowest; while those who find it possible to get the lowest seldom can reach to the highest notes. Thus, from inability to procure all the notes embraced in the possible demand made by composers, no one could rightly be called a tenor. Further, the greater number of basses can *sing* the whole of the tenor notes; while the contralto is quite at home in the tenor range, with the exception of the very lowest notes. These facts looked at in the light of this new theory does away with all distinction of voice, and makes classification impossible.

In direct opposition to the above statement it may be said that, apart from pitch, the tenor voice is distinguished in three separate ways—(a) The general character of the sound produced differs from that of every other voice. This is the evidence of the ear. (b) The sensation experienced by the singer himself differs from that connected with other productions. This is the evidence of the sense of touch. (c) While the physiological working connected with this tone is clearly distinguished from that of any other. This is the evidence of the eye.

Rightly interrogated, acoustical sound will always speak the truth upon any matter with which it is concerned. Had this science been properly questioned by the correspondent of the "Scots Observer" he would have been spared from taking up the false position he now occupies. Alteration of working not only suggests, but demands, alteration of effect. It is true that for those who cannot appreciate these distinctions no alteration exists. But this does not alter facts. We may be willing to believe in the statement of a person who confesses to seeing no variation of tints in the autumn foliage, but we are a little irritated when such person asks us to believe that no such variation exists.

Distinction of voice is entirely a matter of quality. The rate of vibration is no guide whatever to the voices, but only to voice "parts." Here it is, doubtless, that so many singers and writers upon the voice go astray. The one is a matter of harmony, the other of vocalisation. In the composition of a piece the progression of the pitch decides the position of a part; the

bass being at the bottom and the soprano at the top, the inner parts occupying definite positions between them. It matters little what instrument is playing the music so long as it can fulfil the conditions relating to the progress of the pitch. But with regard to vocalisation it is altogether different. When we speak of a tenor or bass voice, we think less of the position such voice occupies amid the other parts than of its quality. Thus we speak of a voice singing a tenor part as a distinct thing from the tenor voice itself. By the one we understand position, by the other a possession. One voice might have to strive to do what is done; the other would have to strive not to do it; one voice is in its natural element, the other is out of it.

But would not the above seem to suggest that many who sing tenor music are really not tenors at all? Yes. The sound of a true tenor voice may be distinguished by three things; a fluty quality, ease of production, flexible movement. These three things are linked together by physiological working associated with this particular quality, so that if one is present most likely all are present. But many supposed tenors do not manifest these characteristics: How then are such voices to be classified? This opens the whole question of classification, a question it is not possible to fully debate here. It is clear, however, there is need for some careful and authoritative revision in the terms now employed, for it is a question that not only tenors but all voices are interested in. True, we have names which *might* be made to fit the various voices in a way sufficient to mark the boundary of distinct qualities, but it is the fitting of these names which is attended with difficulty. One thing, however, is clear, namely, this classification would have to be based on the *prevailing* character of tone in each voice. Many tenors, for instance, have to leave the true tenor quality in order to procure the lowest notes required in the compass. But such a transgression represents the exceptional and not the general production, and would not therefore be permitted to influence the classification. On the other hand, voices in which only a few of the notes possessing the true characteristic were found, could not rightly be classified as tenors. But such voices, though not truly tenors, might not be possessed of the bass quality—because failing to display the extended *volume* of tone, which is the legitimate characteristic of the bass voice. It is true we have the word "baritone," a very elastic and convenient term, which signifies something between the bass and tenor voice. But in this, as in all accommodating terms, we lose in distinction what we gain in convenience, so that as great a haze rests upon this term as upon the cloudy term "tenor."

Classification by pitch is an easy way of making distinctions. Doubtless it is for this reason that it is so often adopted. It requires an expert to test and judge of quality; but the veriest novice can gauge a comparison of pitch. A classification which depends upon experts would perhaps be unpopular for the reason that the majority would have to submit their judgment to the few. This fact might possibly hinder an attempt to define what was and was not true tenor quality. But this difficulty ought not to be a serious matter.

I am, &c.,

JOSIAH RICHARDSON.

Exeter Hall.

#### A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: Having been away, "THE MUSICAL WORLD" for August 2 has only now come under my notice, in which I see a letter from Miss L. G. M. Blyth, headed "A Correction." I therefore hasten to say I did play at my "At Home" on July 22 an Impromptu (MS.) kindly composed for me by Mr. F. Praeger, and which I had also had the honour of introducing at our meeting of the S.E. Section of the N.S.P.M. on March 8. I had hoped to have played a charming and clever composition of Miss Blyth's at my "At Home," but owing to pressure of work I feared I should not do justice to its merits, and so reluctantly had it omitted from my programme. I hope, however, that an opportunity may soon arise when I may be permitted to bring it before a larger and more critical audience, though I could scarcely expect a more appreciative one than that assembled on July 22.

Sincerely yours,

ISABELLA STUART SMYTH.

48, Broadhurst-gardens, South Hampstead, N.W.  
September 24.

#### MUSIC IN STOCKHOLM.

(FROM A HOLIDAY CORRESPONDENT.)

During the present stagnation in music perhaps my reminiscences of a week at Stockholm may not be without interest to your readers; and as, with regard to yourself, I feel like Dogberry—"if I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship," my intrusion on your comparative leisure will, I hope, be forgiven.

While London was as songless as the Australian bush, save for the Promenade Concerts and the lightest of light operatic fare, I was able to enjoy three operas, an open-air concert of unaccompanied choral and national music, besides military bands galore in the numerous gardens in and around Stockholm. Fortunately I escaped that new terror to music, the pianoforte recital. I find there is a close time even for pianists. The operas were three old favourites, "Carmen," on the reopening of the season on the 22nd ult.; "Leonora" (Donizetti's, not Beethoven's—worse luck); and "Aida." Excellent all-round performances these were, under the direction of Hr. Henneberg, and leaving little to be desired, save for the fact that in the orchestra (of forty) the brass instruments were too prominent. Otherwise I can find nothing but praise for the principal singers, the extremely graceful *premières danseuses*, for the scenery and general mounting, and last, not least, for the moderate prices. Thus a stall for the evening cost me but 3 kronors 50 öre, about 3s. 10d. English money. Of the singers I was best pleased with the tenor, Hr. Odmann, who appeared in all three operas. Endowed with a fine voice and a good stage figure he would be a good singer save for his persistent shouting in concerted music. But it was as an actor he took my fancy most, and I cannot imagine the parts of Don José and Radames better performed. It is a refreshing novelty to find a tenor with such admirable by-play and facial expression. As Fernando I should have liked Hr. Odmann a great deal better could I have dismissed from my mind the admirable presentation by Mario at his farewell appearance in '71. To give clearer details, I must take the operas singly. A certain Fru. (Mrs.) Edling was a very fair Carmen, and, though an excellent singer, neither in appearance nor in acting was she an ideal Carmen. In the early scenes she was too broadly comic, and though she acted with some intensity later in the opera, still one could never realise that such a cheerful, amiable, and honest-looking woman could ever cause her lover one moment's uneasiness save for a joke. To borrow a criticism which has appeared before in your columns, she was quite the "Flemish interior" style of Carmen. The part of Michaela was delightfully sung by Fröken (Miss) Karlsohn. This young lady, the daughter of a local organist is, I am informed, a most accomplished musician and a performer on several instruments. She has a beautiful voice, though of no great power, and a good style. I did not care for the representative of the Toreador, but the other parts were well filled. Hr. Grafström made quite a personage of the Captain Zuniga by means of a corpulent person and an eyeglass. On the other hand, "Dancairo" and "Remendado" were less prominent than usual, their comic business being ruthlessly cut out owing to the mission of the spoken dialogue. There was another omission—the usually interpolated "Jolie Fille de Perth" ballet music. I wish they had not been such purists, if only for the sake of seeing again the two graceful dancers, Fröknarna Brandt and Hjorth, who had previously appeared in the tavern scene. In "La Favourite" the heroine was played by Fröken Jungstedt, a mezzo soprano and an excellent actress and singer. My first impressions of her that evening were that, in spite of a lithe, elegant figure, she was one of the ugliest creatures I had ever seen. I was agreeably surprised when I beheld her on the next evening as Amneris—the beetle-browed crone had become a very handsome woman, her former ill-looks having been due to "two lovely black eyes," the consequence of a bad "make up." A similar lack of skill in this particular was noticeable in the Priest Balthazar, played by Hr. Strömberg; but what was worse in his case, he had blacked *only one eye!* In the same opera Hr. Johanson, in appearance not unlike Mr. Henschel, sang and acted the part of Alfonso XI. in very good style, while even the minor parts of Don Gaspar and Inez were well performed by Hr. Rundberg and Frn. Lindström. I should mention also the good dancing of three young ladies in the third act of this opera.

"Aida" was uncommonly well mounted, and would have done credit to a theatre of larger pretensions. I have made sufficient mention of Miss Jungstedt and Mr. Odmann as Amneris and Radames. Aida was fairly performed by a Fru. Ostberg, whose make-up was that of a real woolly-

hair'd "nigger." Messrs. Strömberg (the King) and Sellergren (Rumphis), in addition to one or two of the male chorus, were conspicuous by their size; they were veritable giants, making both Miss Jungstedt and Mr. Odmann—both of more than average height—look small. They could not, however, dwarf Mr. Lundquist (Amonasro). This gentleman, if not able to boast on the score of inches, was easily able to hold his own in the matter of breadth. He could play Falstaff without stuffing. Still, though "fat," he was by no means "scant of breath," and sang his part in admirable fashion. I learnt that in former days he had been a prominent student at the Paris Conservatoire.

The other operas in the immediate *répertoire* were "Mignon," "Konung för en dag," a Swedish version of "Si j'étais Roi" of Adolphe Adam, and "William Tell." I was unable to see the first, but I heard good accounts of its performance by Mrs. Edling (Mignon), Miss Karlsohn (Philine), Miss Jungstedt (Frederick) and Lundmark (Wilhelm Meister). I was leaving Stockholm the night on which Adam's opera was given, and so missed it—to my annoyance, for though a great favourite at Stockholm it is a distinctly "out of the way" work. Mr. Odmann, I hear, is admirable therein as the fisherman hero.

With this I take my leave for ever of the Swedish Opera House. In all probability when next I visit Sweden it will cease to exist, for a new house is to be forthwith commenced close by, to be completed in about two years after which the present house will be pulled down. From a historic point of view this is a matter for regret. It was built by Gustavus III. who had his "quietus there made with a bare bodkin" by Ankarström at a masked ball on 15th March, 1792. From a musical point of view the theatre is interesting from the fact that Jenny Lind there began her career. Her portrait as Norma is to be seen in the *foyer* of the theatre, and a very amiable looking Norma—of the Jane Austen style of girl—she must have looked. From no other point of view can the demolition of this building give cause for regret, for a worse constructed house, with its dark, tortuous passages, its utter want of ventilation, does not exist. In addition there is a perpetual smell of the kitchen, arising from the "Opera Källare," the restaurant thereto attached. I believe the latter is part of the site chosen for the new house and will therefore be demolished—welcome intelligence! for although one of the best restaurants in the city it is fearfully close and stuffy.

There were two other theatres open, the Dramatic Theatre in the "Kungsträdgård," where they were playing adaptations of "Dora," and "Chamillac," and "Revisorn," from the Russian of Gogol. The other was in the Djurgården Park, where opera bouffe was in the ascendant, the "Cloches de Corneville" being the reigning favourite with Mr. Frits Arlberg, of the Opera House, and the principal singing master in Stockholm as the Miser. "The Gondoliers" was in active rehearsal, but its *première* as the "Gondolierns" did not become due during my stay, to my infinite regret, for an English opera in the Swedish language should be an interesting affair. I did not visit either of these theatres, but took my amusement "al fresco" and listened to the music in the gardens. Thus at the Ström Parterre, near the King's palace, I heard the Osteriskska Goss-orkesteren (Austrian boys' orchestra), a military band, forty in number and in uniform. They are an importation from Vienna for the summer season, who play dance music with great effect. Occasionally the bandmaster, Herr Steiner, would yield the *bâton* to one of the youngsters, who thereupon conducted with all the aplomb of a Manns or Richter. Again, at the "Bärns" Salong, in the Berzelius Garden, I could hear these boys again in the afternoon in alternation with a string band. At the Blanch's Café there was the band of the Life Guards under Hr. Kjellberg. I heard this band again at the Hasseltacken, a restaurant on the Djurgården, about ten minutes by steamer from the city, in alternation with the "Stockholm's Allmänna Sangförening" (Male Vocal Union). I was delighted with this choir under its conductor, Hr. Erik Akerberg, with their fine body of voices and perfection of *ensemble* singing. The music sung was nearly all national, or akin to national music, by Scandinavian or German composers, viz., Lindblad, Bellman, Söderman, Josephson, Grieg, Kjerulf, Reissiger. The cost of admittance to this feast of reason and flow of soul was the large price of 50 öre (6*d.*). With notice of this concert I conclude my musical experiences; but so full am I of my recent holiday I should now love to dilate on the beauties of Stockholm, with its excursions on the lovely Lake Mälaren, Vaxholm, Ulriksdal, Upsala, &c., &c. I forbear, however, lest the editorial pen should become restive, and remain,

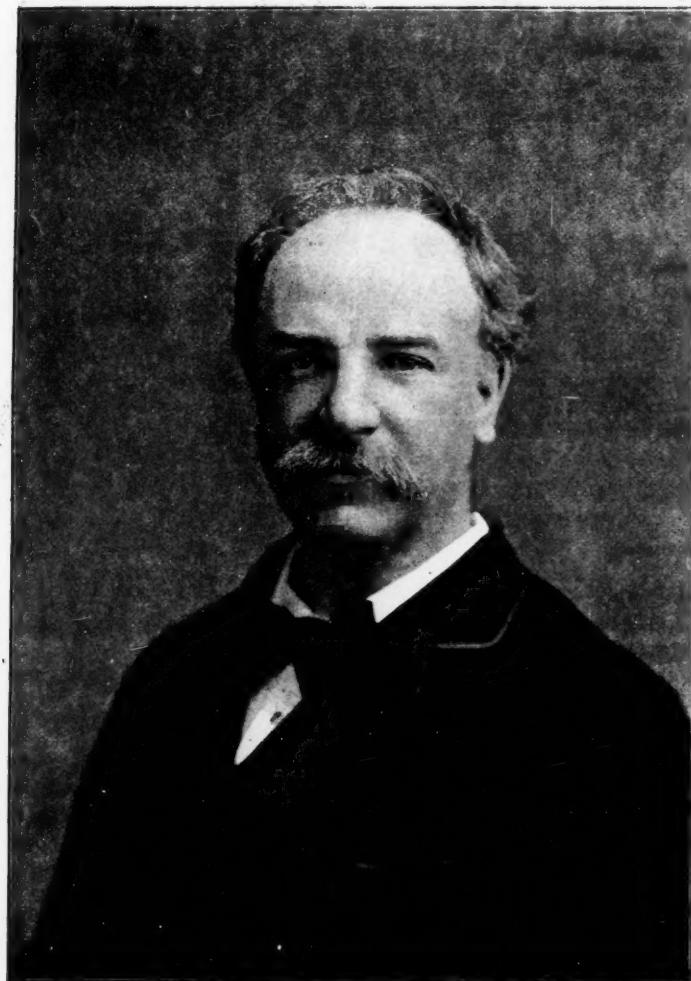
Your faithful

ROOSBOOM.

#### MR. CHARLES SANTLEY.

Whether the cause be ignorance or prejudice, it is a curious fact that until quite within our own age few, if any, baritone singers have ever attained that popularity which has been for centuries the happy fate of the "tender tenor"—indeed the operatic baritone has almost invariably been cast for the villain of the piece, a custom which is even now far from extinct.<sup>1</sup> But some few artists have been able, by dint of exceptional merit and great perseverance, to prevail even against the absurd superstition which condemned the unfortunate baritone to the second rank; and among these few no one has exhibited greater merit or won greater success than the distinguished artist whose portrait adorns our present number. Mr. Santley is understood to object to the publication of details of the private life of artists, and certainly in his case the public career of the artist furnishes so much matter that the biographer can have no excuse for groping about behind the scenes. Charles Santley, according to the authorities, was born at Liverpool, February 28, 1834, after which we have no further particulars of his life until his departure for Italy in 1855 to study singing under Signor Nava, the famous teacher of Milan, and afterwards under Manuel Garcia. Mr. Santley first appeared in Haydn's Creation in 1858, but after one year's experience of the concert-room he determined to try the stage, and on October 3, 1859, he appeared as Hoel, in the Pyne and Harrison company's performance of "Dinorah." Though at that time he was but an indifferent actor, his noble voice and excellent style of singing excited great admiration. He created several parts in the works then produced, such as Clifford, in Balfe's "Puritan's Daughter" (1861), and Danny Mann in the "Lily of Killarney" (1862), which has always been one of his most popular parts; and in 1862 he appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre in Italian opera. To this theatre he continued faithful for many years, and we should have to make a very lengthy list to enumerate all the parts he played there. Some of them are too important to be passed over, such as Valentine in the first production of "Faust" in this country (1863), Urrias in "Mirella," Creon in Cherubini's "Medea," and Orestes in Gluck's "Iphigenia." Besides these tragic parts he was also beginning to appear in comedy, and was soon very successful in such rôles as Scherasmin in "Oberon" and Papageno ("Zauberflöte"). In 1868 he sang at Drury Lane, and the perfection of his duet-singing with Mlle. Nilsson will not soon be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to hear it. In 1869 he was a member of the joint company at Covent Garden, and played Hamlet to the incomparable Ophelia of Mlle. Nilsson. Next year he was back at Drury Lane with Mr. George Wood, and shared with la Nilsson the triumphs of that brilliant season. His chief achievement, however, was the creation of the part of the Dutchman in the first performance of any of Wagner's operas in this country. But England was not yet ripe for Wagner, and the failure of the work deprived us of the opportunity of seeing the great artist in any more of Wagner's creations. But for this we might perhaps have had an unrivalled Telramund and Wolfram and Sachs. After 1870 Mr. Santley quitted the Italian stage, and returned to opera in English. He played at the Gaiety Theatre in "Zampa" and other light operas till the establishment of something like a permanent English Opera Company by Carl Rosa brought him once more into prominence. He did not, however, keep up this connection with the stage, for after 1875 and 1876 he quitted the company, and has since devoted himself exclusively to oratorio and concert singing. During his connection with the Carl Rosa Company he made a very great success with that very part of the Dutchman which six years before had been a total failure in Italian. Another great triumph he achieved in the part of Michel in Cherubini's "Water-carrier." It will be seen from this long record that Mr. Santley is one of the few native singers who have earned real distinction in the field of opera. And it would be grossly unjust and absurd not to add that his reputation on the concert-platform either in oratorio, or dramatic cantata, or simple ballad is quite equal to that which he has gained by his stage performances. Mr. Santley, in fact, like the proverbial soldier of his country who can go anywhere and do anything, can go anywhere and sing anything. Some years ago he visited America, and made a very successful tour through the States; last year he made another brilliant *tournée* in Australia. Altogether his country's art could desire no better representative.

The union of speech and music is the noblest bond that has ever been consummated.—F. Hiller.



MR. SANTLEY.

From a photograph by ELLIOTT and FRY



## The Dramatic World.

### "RAVENSWOOD."

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, 24TH SEPTEMBER, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDMOUSE,—

I don't think I ever saw a scene which so completely satisfied the imagination as that on which the curtain rose last Saturday night, when "Ravenswood" began—Mr. Herman Merivale's dramatic version of the "Bride of Lammermoor."

Against a grey and cloudy November sky, with a sallow light gleaming low down above the waves, the Wolf's Crag stood up gaunt and high, sheer from the sea. Nearer at hand was a Scotch chapel, bare and white in the desolate rocky scene. It was a fit day for a day of burial, and when the friends of the dead man came across the hillside to the burial, and the boding hags climbed up the steep path, muttering their prophecies, one felt indeed the very spirit of Scott's tragedy.

It is here that Mr. Irving is, as it seems to me, altogether without a rival; he sets before us the mighty works of such poets as Shakespeare and Scott with an imagination which is truly akin to their own. Many other managers attain that which is nowadays so easy of attainment, the gorgeous; some few have the true faculty of making a picture of a scene; but who is there, besides Mr. Irving, who meets the poet on his own ground, and paints with colours as rich and weird as those which make the scenes of his creation live for ever in our minds? Now and henceforth the burial of Alan Ravenswood has a new beauty for me; and it is a beauty which does not strive to eclipse the old, but loyally interprets it.

It must not be forgotten that Mr. Irving has a worthy partner in his work—Mr. Hawes Craven, the finest scenepainter, to my mind, that our modern stage has known. There was a time when the painter's merit was too warmly acknowledged, and he would come on—a modern little gentleman in a black coat—to bow in the midst of some great tragedy; but, having reformed this, it would seem as if there were a danger of our not giving enough credit where it is due. Such pictures as these of the distant Wolf's Crag, of the Mermaiden's Well, and of the wide stretch of glimmering sands in the last scene of all—the Kelpie's Flow—would almost make a poem of a play much less finely imagined than this of Mr. Merivale's.

But the beauty of the First Act is by no means one of scenery alone, though it is almost impossible to judge how much it owes to its marvellous background of windy sky and sullen crag. The Act is, altogether, with barely a reservation, as perfect a beginning as one could imagine for the tragedy of "The Master of Ravenswood." After the prophecies of the witches—with their reminder of Macbeth, as Edgar in this Act so often recalls Hamlet—there comes in the funeral procession, with the darkbrowed son of the dead man as chief mourner, and the minister in his robes of black and white to meet them. It has darkened into night, and the smoke of a hundred torches rises heavily up. The Master is left alone a little while by the bier, and old Caleb, like a black corbie, comes fluttering down to him, with words of warning. The keynote of the whole play, indeed, is warning—warning, not unheeded, yet in the end disregarded; and its burden is the verses, again repeated and again by this speaker and that—

When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride  
And woo a dead maiden to be his bride  
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's Flow,  
And his name shall be lost for evermore.

Then the funeral service begins; it is interrupted by the red-coated soldiers, and swords flash from their sheaths at this insult to the dead. But the young Laird restrains himself for a while, and it is not till he is face to face with his enemy that his anger will not be denied. Then the daughter throws herself between, to shield both her father and his young rival; and, while yet the funeral bell is tolling, the last Laird of Ravenswood sees her whom he is to love and refrains from vengeance—only muttering his house's old device, "I bide my time."

It is perhaps stretching a point to bring Sir William Ashton, with his daughter, to the funeral-scene; but such a licence as this may be conceded to a playwright with so difficult a task before him. But the one serious fault which is felt in this strong Act—and trebly felt throughout the rest of the play—is the putting all the dialogue (except here and there a scene of Craigengelt's) into blank verse. Even Caleb Balderstone is in blank verse, and cuts up his description of the viands ruined by the thunderclap into snippets of ten syllables; and a meagre shadow of his former self poor Caleb consequently is, with hardly a smile in him. There was certainly nothing to justify Lucy Ashton's inextinguishable laughter at the old man; and the audience were rather in the position of Mr. Pickwick, when he envied the facility with which Mr. Peter Magnus's friends were amused.

There is a belief yet current among actors—always great nurturers of old tradition—that a certain "literary merit" is inseparable from blank verse: whereas critics have long known that the one characteristic of all blank verse but the very best is literary demerit. So, too, your actor has a hazy notion that it is difficult to write; when in truth one can extemporise in it as easily as in prose, and very fair blank verse is written with far more ease than the vigorous prose needed in a good historical play. The dialogue of "Ravenswood" was much simpler work than that of "All for Her," and proportionately less effective when spoken. It takes the life and the character out of almost every one of Scott's personages—and this, though it is verse often far above the average, sometimes of real eloquence.

Having eased my spirit by this protest, I must abstain from criticism: not because there is no more to praise or to blame, but because I am not the man to judge the merits of this version of Scott's work—nor is, to my thinking, any one who has the book at all freshly in his mind.

For Mr. Merivale's object was, and should have been, not to dramatise a novel, but to write a good play; and it is only the spectator unbiased by recollections who can judge whether he has done this. Lovers of Scott are hampered by always knowing what is coming—and being disappointed when it does not come; as for example, in the one great scene of the whole book, where the mad girl points, gibbering, to the body, and cries "Tak' up your bonny bridegroom." Here, in the play, Lucy Ashton neither went mad nor murdered anybody, but simply died.

Almost a greater shock is the way in which the characters of the hero and heroine have been reversed, of course quite unconsciously, by the dramatist. Scott's Lucy Ashton is no doubt an irritatingly weak person, and one does not complain of the greater vigour and decision of Miss Terry's womanly heroine; but even the extreme difficulty of drawing a changeable hero does not quite excuse the feebleness of Mr. Merivale's Edgar. The Master of Ravenswood is certainly, except for a moment here and there, the least telling part that Mr. Irving has had to play for many years.

On the other hand, I can't but think that many of the doings in the drama must seem motiveless to those who do not know the

book. Scott has made Lady Ashton dominate the whole story long before she returns to Ravenswood; but there must be, to the unprepared, a touch of the ludicrous in the way in which men like the Master and Sir William collapse on the arrival in Act III. of an elderly lady, to whom thitherto they had hardly given a thought.

But such faults are hard to avoid, in dramatising a novel, and harder when that novel is one of the most famous, and not to be irreverently handled. On the whole, Mr. Irving has given us in a wonderful way the spirit of Scotch poetry, and we shall do well to go to the Lyceum and be thankful. Really fine and imaginative are, in particular, the first Act and the wonderful close of the whole play, when we see only with Caleb's eyes the sinking of horse and rider, and then are shown the silent picture of the old bent figure by the gleaming sand.

For the acting, one can only say that Mr. Irving has surrounded himself with a company even stronger than usual, and has given to each man the right part. It is not, of course, an actor's play; and the two great characters of the book have been, the one weakened, so that even Mr. Irving can make of him little but a picturesque and gloomy figure, the other reduced practically to nothing. The one touch of originality and subtle insight for which Mr. Irving found a chance was in the physical weakness striving with intense passion in Edgar Ravenswood, when he returns after the betrothal: it was evidently no stage-illness which had kept the Master from his bride.

Miss Terry played with all her charm, with all her sympathy, a "Lucia" without her mad scene; but even the consummation was resolved that she should not be Lucy Ashton. Mr. Terriss had just the right swagger as a Bucklaw weighted by his blank verse, and managed to get here and there a moment of rare vigour; and Mr. Wenman was, as ever, strong and incisive as Craigengeelt. Mr. Alfred Bishop, perfectly made-up, showed a real understanding of Scott's vacillating Sir William; Miss Le Thiere was effective in her brief scenes as Lady Ashton; and Mr. Macklin did nothing whatever admirably in his five minutes on the stage. Much the most telling part in the piece, to my thinking, was that of the old witch, Ailsie Gourlay, played by Miss Marriott after the fashion of an earlier day, but with admirable weight and dignity.

But the popular success of the evening was no doubt won by Mr. Mackintosh. A little nervous and hurried in the earlier scenes of a Caleb Balderstone whose humour had been buried in a Kelpie's Flow of verse, he ended the play with an outburst of passion which carried away the house. "Ravenswood" finished well, as it began well; and there is little doubt that it will be reckoned among the greatest successes of Mr. Irving's thirteen seasons of management.

Come therefore, and see it; and forget not to take with you your faithful

MUS IN URBE.

P.S.—I know you would like to hear my candid opinion of Dr. Mackenzie's "Ravenswood" music. "I am ill at these numbers," and besides on the first night everybody talked instead of listening to the prelude and *entr'actes*. But the fitful snatches which reached me through the hubbub, and the incidental music which accompanied much of the action, seemed to me to have caught the right spirit, as Mr. Irving and Mr. Hawes Craven have caught it. They were boding, mysterious, fateful: Scotch as they should be, but indescribably—not overtly and offensively Scotch, as who should attempt to suggest Caleb Balderstone by imitating a Highland reel. Their style was altogether modern—not Donizetti but Wagner was the master whose influence was felt in this "Lucia." Wagner, that is to say, as the creator of a language of dramatic characterisation in music. All was sober, harmonious, in keeping with the November-tints of Scott's picture.

## THE DRAMATISTS.

### XLVIII.—SCHILLER.

In comparing Schiller, as a dramatist, with Goethe, we are hampered—just as we are in our judgment of Goethe himself—by the existence of "Faust." With regard to all other playwrights, from Æschylus and Shakespeare down to Sardou, we have the simple remedy of not comparing them with Goethe; but the bond between the two great German poets, the two dear friends who worked together constantly for fifteen years, is so close that we can hardly look at one without seeing the other by his side. They were associated in the management of the Weimar Theatre, too; and, widely as their philosophies must have differed in many ways, their theories of dramatic art seem at that time to have been very much the same.

In estimating the two playwrights "Faust" does stand in the way terribly; it is just one of those troublesome works of genius which will upset the neatest and completest theories. Nowhere in his dramas has Schiller any scenes which approach the humanity of much of "Faust," nowhere have his characters the passion of Gretchen; none of his plays have proved so moving, have had such life upon the actual stage, as this one masterpiece. Yet, apart from "Faust," we cannot but reckon Schiller as much more truly a dramatist than Goethe.

Besides his boyish melodrama "The Robbers," which sent all Germany wild when its author was but twenty-one, he wrote five famous plays: the huge "Wallenstein," with its ten acts and a prelude, "William Tell," "Joan of Arc," "Don Carlos," and—best known in the theatre of all—"Marie Stuart." It is characteristic of the heroic nature of the man that in each of these tragedies the protagonist is some great historical character. His aim is always high, and as he worked on its execution became surer. His last play, "William Tell," was also the simplest and most complete, and his early death in 1805—when he was but forty-six—probably lost to Germany a greater dramatist than she has ever had.

"The Robbers," "Fiesco," "Cabal and Love," and "Don Carlos" were written before the poet was twenty-six. Then came an interval of some years, during which were prepared and written his historical works, the influence of which is to be felt in the subjects and treatment of his later plays. He was also no doubt influenced by the masterpieces of great dramatists of other countries; he studied all of them, and translated Shakespeare's "Macbeth," the "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Euripides, French tragedies and comedies by Racine and others, and the "Turandot" of Gozzi. Like Goethe and like Lessing—perhaps, in fact, like most of his countrymen—Schiller was the critic and the conscious artist as well as the "born genius."

In "Wallenstein" we feel, indeed, that he is overweighted with knowledge; that the drama is crushed beneath the history. Yet even here, as in most of the author's plays, and in Goethe's "Egmont," the less theatrical poet has had recourse to the stage-expedient of a "love-interest," to which Shakespeare, the poet of the theatre, never descended in his Histories.

Yet it must have been a born playwright who, as a lad, set the pulses of young Germany beating with the first work of the "Sturm und Drang" school. Wild and perhaps ridiculous as "The Robbers" is, it has life, there is genius hidden in it somewhere: even as in "Werther" there is something more than sentimental silliness. And the hero, Franz Moor, may be labelled "school of Shakespeare"; if he is not precisely a Richard the Third, he was unquestionably meant for one.

Schiller's treatment of the difficult subject of "Joan of Arc" is not entirely successful—perhaps the story is not really suited to the theatre, though Schiller's play was at first immensely popular on the German stage—but his idealised "Marie Stuart" has always had a singular charm, perhaps not incomparable with that which the living woman exercised. There is possibly even more of truth—of realism in the later sense of the word—than the author "was ware on" in two scenes which have been censured: the famous scolding-match between the two Queens, which is the dramatic climax of the play, and the excesses of the mad passion which Mary inspires in the latest, and certainly not the noblest, of her victims.

The fault of the play is evident enough—it is the excessive prominence given to the characters of Elizabeth and the altogether ignoble Leicester. A sketch of such a nature as Leicester's might have been interesting, but Schiller's elaborate portrait—painted with no great subtlety or reality—is simply tiresome; and though there is more truth in the Elizabeth, the author is not justified in turning the tragedy of one queen into the history of two. There must be very nearly as much time devoted to Elizabeth as

to Mary in the play; and the long half-act occupied with her affairs, after Mary's head is satisfactorily off, leaves the spectator (as Schlegel truly says) "rather cooled and indifferent."

"William Tell" is one of the very few poetical plays since Shakespeare which have real picturesqueness, which paint themselves on the mind's eye with any vividness of colour. Schiller's hero, like Macbeth and Lear—and like the wild imaginings of Victor Hugo and Byron's declamatory Manfred—stands out against a background which is in itself beautiful and suggestive. We see the white Alps, we hear the songs of the fisher-lad and the chamois-hunter; and Tell gains from the life round him a truth and life of his own, hardly to be won by the heroes of Corneille and Racine among the conventional furniture of their impossible antechambers.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

A brilliant dramatist has passed away, and no one has taken very much notice of the fact. Dion Boucicault was not a popular man personally; he represented an old school much hated by the brilliant critics of the new; and he had been for a long while a man whose best work was over—it is fifteen years since "The Shaughraun" was produced. So that several people were inclined to sling a little mud at a memory that no one was specially concerned to defend.

Yet Boucicault was a brilliant man, and a man whose best work it is very easy to underrate. He was greatest, perhaps, as an actor; and here he was great indeed. To see him in such a part as "Kerry" in ("La Joie fait Peur") after seeing its original played by Got or even by Coquelin was a revelation. The *finesse*, the vigour, the breadth of his acting in his famous Irish parts was altogether unsurpassable; his humour was as irresistible as his pathos was exquisite. And these qualities gave a charm to his best plays—the Irish ones—which should keep them long on the stage. When "Arrah na Pogue" was lately revived at the Adelphi it was astonishing how completely it outshone all its younger rivals in picturesqueness as well as in mere stagecraft. His older pieces—"London Assurance," "The Corsican Brothers," twenty other brilliant successes—these are out of fashion now, as all mere stageplays must lose their vogue; yet even these, acted as they should be, still make a pleasant evening's entertainment—and there must be something in the playwright whose works can entertain us after fifty years.

If Boucicault were past work, and thus little regretted by a selfish world, we must all sorrow for our own sakes that the brilliant Samary is gone—and only thirty-three. It seems impossible; she was so full of life, of bounding strength, vivacity, fun. One of her most famous parts was but a laugh from end to end—she was the reverse of De Musset's *immortels qui sont de purs sanglots*. It is hard to imagine that the classic *soubrettes* can ever have been played more perfectly than by her; she was a worthy mate for Coquelin, and when they met in Molière or Marivaux the sober walls of the Français rang again. An excellent actress, a devoted wife, the cheeriest of human beings—she can ill be spared in our work-a-day world.

Messrs. Edward Rose and Augustus Harris wrote a burlesque called "Venus," which was played at the Royalty Theatre in 1878, and revived at the Opera Comique under the name of "Vulcan" some three years later; and Mr. William Yardley rewrote this burlesque, extending its one act to three, in the present year of grace, for a tour through the British provinces, which apparently include the Grand Theatre, Islington. Too many cooks have not, apparently, spoilt the broth in this instance; for the Grand was crowded to the ceiling on Monday evening. Such success shows the value of collaboration; it also shows the value of an attractive "cast," for there are now appearing in "Venus" Mr. Victor Stevens, Mr. Whimsical Walker, and—Lady Dunlo.

"East, and south, and north," as well as west, "the matinées spread fast"; and the Surrey Theatre, neighbour and sole successor to the famous "Vic.," follows the example of the Pavilion, and gives a professional matinée of the piece now running there. On Monday of next

week a house full of actors known to fame—and others—will doubtless be properly enthralled by the new and vigorous drama "The Village Forge."

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Mr. Coghlan is to return to the English stage as Antony, in the Princess's revival of Shakespeare's tragedy. At his best Mr. Coghlan should play such a part finely; but it is not one in which the "reserved force" for which this actor was famous should be carried to an excess.

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Friday evening of this week saw the last of Mr. Willard—to our regret be it said—for a season of several months; he goes to New York to play in four of Mr. Jones's pieces—his performance in "Wealth" should be exceedingly interesting—and in a few works by minor dramatists.

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Mr. Joseph Hatton and a trio of other gentlemen—all, it is said, journalists—thoughtfully provided a brace of the necessary "first-night rows" at the Lyceum. It is rumoured that a pair of gloves—"as prepared for Mr. Slavin"—will be suspended beneath each stall in future, with a brief summary of the Queensberry rules neatly printed on a card.

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Miss Marion Lea is doing a good work for the Ibsenite by preparing for production at a matinée Mrs. Marx Aveling's translation of the "Fruen fra Havet" ("The Lady from the Sea"). Who, we wonder, will be chosen to represent the red-bearded stranger in a Scotch cap who climbs over railings at critical moments? The part would have fitted the late W. J. Hill to a nicety.

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On Monday Mr. Edward Terry returns to his own theatre with "Sweet Lavender"—and without the original cast. He is himself, curiously enough, the sole survivor of the company which started the pretty comedy two years ago.

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"Mr. Beerbohm Tree as Sir Peter Teazle" should be a very strong card for Mr. Edward Hastings to play when he takes his annual benefit at the Crystal Palace; and, what with Sir Peter, the "Village Priest" (who returns to London on Monday week), and his promised "special Mondays," Mr. Tree should just now be a tolerably busy man.

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The "Baptist Freeman" has taken up the chapel-and-stage controversy, and deals with it in a manner much more tolerant than Mr. Spurgeon's. The "Freeman's" final lines, however, contain an assumption which is by no means proved to be a just one:—"The fact is" (says the "B. F.") "theatrical people altogether mistake our abstinence from the theatre. It is not through sourness of spirit, nor is it because of ignorance of the character of the modern drama, and certainly it is not from any unwillingness to enjoy innocent pleasure. It is because we believe the tendency of the stage is unhealthy. It is antagonistic to true religion. Its moral influence is sometimes very bad." So, by the way, is the influence of newspapers, sometimes. Does the "B. F." therefore, boycott newspapers *en masse*, including itself? Can the "B. F." point to any modern English play which is "antagonistic to true religion"? And, if not, is not the "B. F." "ignorant of the character of the modern drama?"

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"Carmen up to Date" was produced at Liverpool on Monday night, and proved a bigger success than any of its predecessors. So, at least, says Mr. Edwards, who should know something about it. Miss St. John as Carmen and Miss Addie Conyers as Escamillo, to say nothing of Letty Lind and Mr. Lonnion and Mr. Arthur Williams, ought to make the new burlesque "go." At any rate, we shall know for ourselves on Saturday of next week, when the piece will be put on at the Gaiety.

We always return to the old question whether a performer is justified in placing himself above, and in modifying at his will the works of a composer. But the answer is simple: if the performer be a fool, we laugh at his wretched attempts; if he be a man of genius, we raise no objection, provided he does not materially alter the character of the original.—*R. Schumann.*

## The Organ World.

### THE ATTRACTIVE POWER OF THE ORGAN.

The fact that by far the largest audiences at organ recitals are seen in neighbourhoods more famed as homes of the "working-classes" than as those of wealth and refinement will not have escaped the observation of those who habitually attend on such occasions. Doubtless the greater density of the population and the comparative infrequency of opportunities for indulgence in artistic pursuits may contribute in some degree to this result; but most probably the real cause lies deeper. The basis of all music is metrical accentuation, and music which enforces this the most, exercises the greatest influence over the robust and unrefined mind. The choruses of Handel greatly owe their popularity to their regularity of accent. The March, the Gavotte, and the much-loved "waltz refrain" all appeal to the same appreciation of regular metrical reiteration. Now the two chief characteristics of the organ are great volume of tone and capacity to enforce accent, qualities which make the organ pre-eminently fitted to lead large congregations of people in song, but which as a solo instrument render it more attractive to the less cultured than the refined and artistic mind. This last sentence may seem to reflect on the sacred majesty of the king of instruments and on those who devote their lives in its service, but in reality this is not so. In its own domain (the church) and as an assistant to worship, the organ must ever reign supreme; it is only when it emulates the orchestra and appeals to us as a concert instrument that it compares unfavourably and fails to meet the requirements of modern taste, chief among which may be placed delicacy of treatment.

With intellectual development comes the appreciation of more subtle rhythmic division; the simpler forms lose their attractive power, and in many cases become uncongenial. Thus, while the shop-ballad chiefly relies for popularity on its "swing" and "go," the high class song often derives little or no appreciable help from regularity of accent. With the appreciation of varied rhythms comes a desire for music less diatonic in character and more delicate in tonal gradation; and here again the organ fails; the keyboard of the piano, by its sympathy to touch and faithful response to the force exerted, conveys an approximate idea of the player's feelings or of those emotions under which he believes the music to have been written; but no such capabilities are at the organist's disposal. Touched by a child or a giant, the organ answers in the same full voice. Exceeding in richness and variety of tone all other instruments, it is at the same time as unresponsive to passion as the monuments by which in its natural home it is often surrounded.

Metrical accent will never really lose its power, but to exert its due influence over the highly-educated musical mind it must be less rudely marked, and enforced by more delicate methods than those which appeal to the unrefined. And it is precisely in these more delicate markings of accent that very many organists often fail. If a theme is announced commencing on the first beat of a bar the first note will probably be duly accented, but if afterwards it enters at some other beat of the bar the accent will be often omitted. This is frequently the case when the accented note is other than the first. Of course the observance of accents and rhythmical divisions greatly increases the difficulty of performance, but if these cannot be marked at each reappearance of the theme they are far better left out at its initial announcement. Practically the omission of an accent alters the meaning of the passage, and generally results in incoherence.

Good phrasing, of which much is spoken but little heard, is merely the artistic observance of the rhythmical divisions and accents in any piece. From the unresponsive character of the organ keyboard before referred to it can only be secured on this instrument by exaggeration of the composer's signs, that is, by enforcing the accented note by robbing the time of duration of the following note, and marking the end of each phrase by a momentary cessation of tone of the particular part or parts in which it occurs. Organists frequently overlook these details, and seem to forget that it is chiefly by intelligent rhythmical accent that they are able to convey the meaning of the composer, the result being dry and uninteresting performances.

In this respect perhaps no composer is so sinned against as Sebastian Bach: his preludes and fugues are admitted to be marvels of thematic

ingenuity and consistent development; they form the backbone as it were of nearly every organ recital programme; and yet it may be safely averred no compositions are, as a rule, more unintelligently rendered. This probably does not arise so much from want of comprehension on the part of the performer as omission to observe and impress rhythmic detail—from variation in accent on the recurrence of the themes, before referred to, and a capricious hastening and slackening of the *tempo*. In a fugal movement the pace at which a theme is announced becomes as much a part of its individuality as the various accents and rhythms which enforce its character; to capriciously alter the *tempo* is therefore to invest it with new meaning, which, considering the complex nature of this style of composition, is difficult to do without imperilling the coherency of the whole. Moreover there is an enormous power in a firm and steady "tramp" when unobtrusively maintained throughout, the advantage of which is instantly lost on the slightest variation of *tempo*. No variety of tonal colour or artistic "registering" will compensate for the loss of regularity of "beat." Like the road which goes up the hill and down the hill and yet never moves, so the primary *tempo* should steadily accompany all the *crescendos* and *diminuendos* and other incidental effects on the way until the full development of the themes is accomplished. There are of course instances in which this beat is purposely broken by the composer to obtain some special effect, but where this is often done it will generally be found that the difficulty to secure an effective and intelligent performance is rather increased than diminished.

From the prevalent keen appreciation of luxuriance of tone there is a present tendency to overlook the value of metrical accent, but however other instrumentalists may be able to dispense with its aid, certainly the organist cannot relinquish his use of it, but must, by delicate markings of its beat and greater attention to rhythmic detail enforce it on every appropriate occasion; for accent and rhythm are to the organist what sympathetic tone is to the violinist, his greatest means whereby to place his audience in accord with himself; and the performer who fails to do this is not a master of his art.

### NOTES.

The monster organ erected by Messrs. Hill and Son in the Centennial Hall, Sydney, at a cost of about £16,000 was formally opened on August 9th last by Mr. T. W. Best in the presence, it is stated, of about four thousand leading citizens. The performance of our great organist apparently gave much satisfaction, as not only have arrangements been made for his giving a series of recitals in Sydney and Melbourne prior to his departure for Europe on October 1st, but a suggestion has been made that Mr. Best should be offered the post of organist to the city of Sydney.

### REVIEWS.

[From F. M. HOUGHTON, 3, Canterbury-road, Kilburn, N.W.]

"A Few Thoughts and Hints upon Public Worship," by a Layman, may be recommended to the attention of clergy and members of congregations as well as organists for its conciseness and the practical manner in which it deals with some of the "burning questions" in church matters. The character of the book may be gathered from the author's first remark: "Music should raise the emotions, and good music effects this to an extent equal to, if not surpassing the eloquence of speech." Evidently this Layman is not of Bishop Mitton's persuasion concerning the province of music in churches.

### MENDELSSOHN ON THE "COMPOSER'S INTENTION."

The following passage, attributed to Mendelssohn, is quoted from an American contemporary; it is not inappropriate to the recent discussion in these columns on the definiteness of musical expression:—

"Music is more definite than words, and to seek to explain its meaning in words is really to obscure it. There is so much talk about music, and yet so little really said. For my part, I believe that words do not suffice for such a purpose; and if I found that they did suffice, then I certainly

would compose no more music. People often complain that music is so ambiguous that what they are to think about it always seems so doubtful, whereas everyone understands words. With me it is exactly the reverse, not merely with regard to entire sentences but also to individual words; these, too, seem to me so ambiguous, so vague, so unintelligible when compared with genuine music, which fills the soul with a thousand things better than words. What any music I love expresses to me is not thought too indefinite to be put into words, but, on the contrary, too definite. I find all attempts to put such thoughts into words something commendable, but there is yet something unsatisfactory in them all; and so it is with yours. This, however, is not your fault, but that of the words, which do not enable you to do better. If you ask me what my idea was, I say just the song as it stands; and if I had in my mind a definite term or terms with regard to one or more of these songs, I should not like to disclose them to anyone, because the words of one person assume a totally different meaning in the mind of another person—because the music of the song alone can awaken the same ideas and the same feelings in one mind as in another—a feeling which is not, however, expressed by the same words. Resignation, melancholy, the praise of God, a hunting-song—one person does not form the same conception from these that another does. Resignation is to the one what melancholy is to the other; the third can form no lively idea of either. To any man who is by nature a keen sportsman a hunting-song and the praise of God would come pretty much to the same thing; and to such an one the sound of the hunting-horn would really and truly be the praise of God, whereas we hear nothing in it but a mere hunting-song, and if we were to discuss it ever so often with him we should get no further. Words have many meanings, but music we can all understand correctly.

### VOICE CULTIVATION.

BY JOSIAH RICHARDSON.

"Good singers, are they born or made?" This is a question that has been frequently debated. The true answer lies midway between the points of difference; good singers being the joint production of nature and art. Gifts there must be, but gifts alone are not sufficient. Like many other precious things, even a naturally good voice needs much work bestowed upon it before it can be considered perfect. Now this is required not for the purpose of adding or altering, but for developing and setting forth its powers. Like a diamond, which possesses in the rough all the possibilities to be presently revealed by the skilled workmen who "faces" and "sets" it, so the voice in its crude state has present in it all its future possibilities. Art does not create fresh powers, it but calls forth those already existing. Natural gifts give occasion for the employment of art. Art is necessary because there is talent present, not as its substitute. Without the assistance of art, natural singing lacks in fineness and finish, in accuracy of detail and unity of expression. Art reduces to order, gets rid of hindrances, fosters control, develops forces, and unites all agencies to focus them in a single effort.

Natural ability must include both physical powers and musical instinct. A healthy condition of muscles and membranes is an important feature in the production of good tone, but artistic singing needs brain as well as vocal organism, heart as well as head. The true musician is born the possessor of a delicately strung nervous mechanism; a natural susceptibility to musical influences, capable of responding readily to its promptings. The stoic can never hope to be a true musician. Musical sound may be made by him, but it will be like the marble statue—beautiful perhaps, but cold and lifeless.

Good singers are scarce—very scarce. Why is this? Is it nature or art that is at fault? Talent of every kind is always rare, but not so rare as to explain the notable dearth of good singers. No; the fault is doubtless on the side of art. Good material is not wanting. It is the workmanship that is at fault. Nature is always prepared with her part, and would perform it too if hindrances were not placed in her way.

Two things may be specially noted as marking the reason for failure among singers. The first of these consists in making the study of style take the place of simple voice cultivation. Quite a number of singers fall into this error. Thus we have many who perform well but have imperfectly developed instruments. Such singers may surprise us by the rapidity and certainty of their movements, charm us by the pathetic or powerful character of their rendering; but when it comes to the production of an ordinary

piece of plain singing, so wanting are they in the elementary knowledge of voice production that it is hard to believe they have ever studied the matter at all. If such a condition were the result of an endeavour to make the best of a bad voice little could be said against it. This, however, is seldom the case. It is usually from a foolish inversion of the order of study, by which style is made the first, and sometimes the only concern. The second cause of failure is due to a bad system of voice training. First, too little time is spent upon the development of the voice; and, secondly, the practice of the singer is frequently wrongly directed. Months take the place of years in training. Quality gives place to quantity, being forced out of the way in the hasty effort to secure the desired end. Pupils do not submit themselves to that discipline by which alone purity and quality, as well as power of tone, may be secured. Singing needs regular and long-continued practice, first to secure a degree of excellence, and then to retain it; and the absolute necessity for hard work constitutes a stumbling-block to many would-be singers, who are disappointed when told that some years must be spent in strict training before a voice of superior quality and power can be developed. Trouble must not be grudged in voice cultivation. Good singing is the outcome of labour, the offspring of diligence. Practice—patient, persevering, painstaking practice—this, and nothing but this, can be relied upon to secure a good result.

Voice cultivation includes the study and practice of all matters relating to the production of tone, and its modification by means of the three agencies, pitch, pace, and power; as well as with the right formation and arrangement of vowels and consonants. The guiding principle is to make the voice responsive to the will of the singer, so that musical ideas may be rightly expressed; and further, that singing may be executed with ease, and if necessary be continued for a lengthy period. Ease is of the most distinct importance, not only for the singer's own sake but also for the sake of the audience. The principal charm of vocalisation is wanting when voice production appears laborious.

To be of real service, voice cultivation must be specific in both aim and method. Each voice must be regarded as distinct from every other voice; its special capacities sought for, and its possible powers gauged. Voice differs widely within right limits. Some are naturally more flexible than others, excelling them in accuracy and grace of movement; compass and power create further divisions; while natural aptitude for a particular style of music—as operatic (light or heavy) oratorio, ballad, &c., suggest further classification. All this points to the need of specific training. The attempt to mould voices to certain preconceived forms, is fatal alike to beauty of tone and originality of style. Each voice should be allowed as far as possible to suggest its own treatment. The method of training that will make one voice may mar another. The vocal organism of each singer differs from that of every other: exercises, therefore, which prove of the greatest service to one, may not only fail to do good with another, but may do serious harm. Certain vowels, for instance, are found to be of general service in forming the tone. In special cases, however, they are productive of mischief. So again with stereotyped methods for extending compass, for increasing volume, or developing power. There are, it is true, certain accepted methods in vogue which experience has demonstrated to be generally useful in voice cultivation, but none of these can be altogether relied upon. The success attending voice cultivation, then, will depend largely upon the right selection of exercises for individual pupils.

Example is an important factor in voice cultivation. Verbal instruction is of course necessary, and much good may be done by this means alone. But example is in many cases a *sine quod non*. There are delicacies of tone production and alteration which can never be known apart from their manifestation by "living epistles." It would take months to teach some pupils by explanation what they will learn in a few moments from illustration. It is not of course to be inferred that a teacher must of necessity be an accomplished singer; but it is certain that unless he is able to demonstrate what is required he cannot hope to be eminently successful. All praise is due to those who, in spite of their own deficiency in vocal power, have yet done much good service in the way of instructing others: still it is impossible but that, at certain points, such teaching will always be found wanting. This, too, suggests how almost impossible is it to cultivate the voice without aid from a master. Books may give directions and supply good information; but, apart from what has already been said concerning example, there is the distinctly important matter of criticism to be considered. This a book cannot supply. A master not only instructs in what is right but also tells when right is secured. This is a unique service.

Self-criticism is always difficult, and for certain things impossible. The services, then, of a second person become a necessity.

Example, however, although needful, is not alone sufficient. Instruction in Why and How should go side by side with illustration. Theory is twin sister to Practice. A singer requires to have an intelligent apprehension of cause and effect. Theory is the light by which practice is guided. Such knowledge facilitates learning, for it points the end and extent of the proposed effort. Discretion, however, needs to be used in this as in other matters. Many teachers go far to spoil voices by prematurely calling attention to theoretical points. Such a thing as the division of the voice into registral sections wants very careful handling, if hurtful results are to be avoided. Many of the writer's pupils have never even heard the word "register" uttered by him. To tell a pupil that the voice changes at a certain point is to call attention to something which it should be the ambition of every teacher to avoid developing, i.e., the "break." There are times when it is necessary to speak upon this subject, but indiscriminate talking on this topic by foolish though well-meaning teachers, is a fruitful and increasing source of mischief to thousands of singers.

(To be continued.) p. 808

#### FOREIGN NOTES.

At an auction at Berlin on Oct. 13, a large collection of musical manuscripts will be offered for sale, including specimens of Beethoven, Bellini, Berlioz, Cherubini, Chopin, Franz, Liszt, Lortzing, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Nicolai, Rubinstein, Schumann, Verdi, Wagner, Weber, &c. Perhaps the most interesting of these MSS. is one of Beethoven's, the 4-hand arrangement of the fugue which was originally intended for the finale of the Quartett in B flat (Op. 133). This MS. is in the composer's own writing, and thus disposes of the idea which has been entertained that the arrangement was the work of another hand.

Two of the most distinguished operatic artists of Germany are just now celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of their débuts. These are Herr Gura and Herr Vogl, both of whom made their first appearance at Munich in 1865, Gura on 14th September and Vogl on the 5th November. But while Vogl has not very often sung outside Munich, Gura has been heard in all the chief theatres of Germany. The record of his activity is indeed astounding. He has appeared in opera 2,155 times, in 139 parts, including Don Juan, 97 times; Hans Sachs, 88; Wolfram, 108; Telramund, 93; The Dutchman, 84, &c. Besides his stage performances Herr Gura is scarcely less distinguished for his concert and oratorio singing. He was a member of the excellent German company which performed at Drury Lane in 1882, and his rendering of the part of Hans Sachs was probably the best that has ever been seen in this country. And what makes this wonderful record more wonderful still is the fact that Gura is not yet 50, he having been born on November 8, 1842.

The famous German tenor, Franz Nachbaur, is about to retire from the stage, where he has been so great a figure for the last thirty years. He was born in Wurtemberg in 1835, and after studying in Italy became attached to the theatre of Munich. There he was a great favourite both with the people and particularly with the unfortunate King Ludwig.

Liszt's judgment, pronounced 30 years ago, of the high merit of Cornelius's opera, "The Barber of Bagdad," is every day finding more justification. The work is to be brought out during the coming season at three of the chief opera-houses of Germany—those of Vienna, Dresden, and Mannheim.

Herr Rubinstein during his summer holiday has composed not only an overture, "Antony and Cleopatra," but also a set of five short piano pieces entitled "Second Acrostic." The first acrostic is one of his early works, and was published nearly thirty years ago.

At Berlin they have just celebrated the centenary of the first performance of Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," which was played for the first time in that town on Sept. 14, 1790, and has now been given 388 times.

The directors of the Paris Opera have decided to postpone "Salammbo," and to bring out Massenet's "Mage" instead: the papers are filled with correspondence, discussions, and recriminations on the subject.

Mascagni's opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," is being translated into German, and will be produced at several German theatres during the coming season.

Signor Ferruccio Busoni, the fortunate competitor who won the Rubinstein prize of 5,000 francs in the late competition, was immediately afterwards appointed Professor at the Conservatoire of Moscow.

The "Manon Lescaut" of M. Massenet is to be the next novelty at the Hofoper of Vienna.

The Italian composer, Domenico Bertini, died at Florence on the 7th inst. He was born at Lucca, 26th June, 1829, and studied under Pacini. After filling various posts at Lucca and Massa-Carrara he settled at Florence in 1862, and acquired distinction as a composer, as critic of the journal "Boccherini," and as director of the "Cherubini" Society. His compositions include several masses, pieces of Chamber music, and a "Compendio di principi di musica."

#### DEPPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: Your short obituary notice of the late Ludwig Deppe in this week's issue of "THE MUSICAL WORLD" contains some statements which, taken as they stand, might be justly considered as reflecting on his abilities as a conductor and on his repute as a teacher of the pianoforte. First, you say, "In 1884 he was appointed conductor of the Berlin Opera. This post he held for two years" (your contemporary, the "Musical Standard," says "for some months"), but with no great success." If with no great success what was the reason? Had he indifferent talent to deal with? If so, I dare say he did the best he could under the circumstances, like other conductors. Was his répertoire not sufficiently popular—did he, perhaps, dish up too much of Wagner? If so, the blame cannot be placed at his feet, since, as is well known, not the conductor but the intendant of the opera is responsible for the selections. Ludwig Deppe was well known and appreciated in Germany as a conductor of note, and in recognition of his services in conducting the great Silesian Music Festivals he was decorated by the late Emperor William with the Order of the Crown of the fourth class.

Next you say: "None of his pupils ever acquired the reputation of pianists of the first class." Are we to accept it, then, that there are no first class pianists in existence except those who managed to gain a reputation? You, Sir, know as well as I do that to acquire a reputation requires something more than talent and skill, viz., money and influence. Deppe lived in very modest bachelor style in a few small rooms not calculated to attract a great number of students. Comparing this with the very few first class players turned out by the well-known big academies to which the multitude flock, Herr Deppe had, to my knowledge, a proportionately far greater number of first class pianists (although without reputation) to show among his pupils than the former.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,  
C. A. EHRENFECHTER.

London, Sept. 20, '90.

#### PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Although not a "classical" night the programme at Covent Garden on Wednesday evening was far from being devoid of interesting features. For instance, there was the first performance of a tuneful "Pastoral" for orchestra by Mr. F. F. Buffen—the first of a series of four movements of which Thomson's "Seasons" form the "poetic basis." It is distinguished by graceful melody and refined orchestration. Wagner's stirring overture to "Rienzi" was excellently played, although the opening portion was taken rather too slowly, and a pretty and characteristic trifle for orchestra by Godard, entitled "Scène Poétique au Village," and Haydn's "Clock" Symphony were very creditably given. A first appearance by a young pianist, Miss Kate Lee Isaacson, was made in Mendelssohn's Concerto in D

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minor, but she was apparently handicapped by nervousness. The vocalists were Miss Edith Marriott and Messrs. Plunket Greene and Harper Kearton, all of whom earned customary and well-deserved success.

### REVIEWS.

#### SCHOOL PART-SONGS.

[From FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272A, Regent-circus.]

The new series of "School-Songs for equal voices, in unison, and two and three parts," edited by Frederic N. Löhr, satisfactorily meet the present demand for part songs of artistic character for ladies' and children's voices. Some twenty of these, arranged for two voices, are now issued, the majority of which are excellent specimens of this style of composition, being both tuneful and refined. Those by Dr. Charles Vincent may be specially recommended for the skill and interest of the part writing, "Philosophy" being a canon in the octave, and "The Nights" containing some most happy contrapuntal effects. "For Life's Not Long" also attracts attention by the quaint way in which it reflects the spirit of the words. Several others composed by Dr. W. H. Hunt claim attention by their brightness and melodiousness. Of these may be mentioned "The Maypole," "The Fairies," and "Sweet Content." The accompaniments to these are of less musical interest than those written by Dr. Vincent.

[From WEEKES and Co.]

"Songs for School Concerts," composed by Myles B. Foster. Only two of this series are to hand, but both deserve popularity by their suitability to the purpose for which they have been written. Number I., "A Daring Enterprise," relates the building of a sand-castle and the tragic results caused by the assault of the sea. It is set for a solo voice or for unison singing, and has a cleverly written descriptive accompaniment. Number II., "A Pastoral," is arranged for solo and unison chorus, the former a tuneful waltz theme and the latter of energetic character in common time. The words are genuinely humorous.

Book III. of the "Academic Series" contains duets for treble voices by Handel, Giordani, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, and simple arrangements of "The Minstrel Boy," "The Ash Grove," and other compositions equally suitable to promote the object of the series.

[From HUTCHINGS and Co.]

"Original Choruses for use in Public Schools," by H. F. Henniker, A.R.A.M., Mus. Bac., are arranged for S. A. T. B., with solos for different voices, and are admirably adapted for "breaking up" or other school festivals. Number I., "Come let us Make the Welkin Ring," with its invitation to "Shout boys, shout boys," and its vigorous rhythm, would be certain of popularity in any boys' school. Number III., "There be none of Beauty's Daughters," calls for greater delicacy and musicianly knowledge. Number IV., "Warriors and Chiefs," as its title implies, is of martial character, and also contains solos for bass and tenor. The music, in all, is melodious, but in other respects calls for no special remark.

There is a want, not only of generosity, but of culture, in those who, on hearing a composition, at once set themselves to rake up reminiscences and analogies.—R. Schumann.

### PROVINCIAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BRISTOL.—Musical prospects in Bristol are exceedingly bright, and the season which is opening promises to be particularly busy. The "Redemption," "Elijah," "Judith," "The Golden Legend," and the "Messiah" are the chief choral works to be performed at the Musical Festival at the end of next month. Although no absolute novelties are to be brought forward, evidence is being afforded that the musical programme has met with the favour of local amateurs in the fact that the booking of tickets is already larger than in the same period before previous Festivals. The Monday Popular Orchestral Concerts, which recommence in about a week, have received gratifying support up to the present time. The Choral Society of over 500 members, and the district choral associations started last year will all continue their work, and new ones are to be formed. The Society of Instrumentalists, with a membership of two hundred, and other kindred bodies are making preparations for the season. The classical and popular Chamber Concerts are also to be continued. On Monday evening Mr. Corelli Windeatt, violinist, whose career at the Royal Academy was a distinguished one, gave a concert in Clifton with the object of raising a sum of money to enable his brother Fredolph to continue his studies at the Academy, and to obtain finishing lessons in Berlin under Joachim. The brothers Windeatt played solos, and were united in a duet; Mr. Ambrose Comfort, a brilliant pianist of Weston-super-Mare, achieved success; Mr. J. Pomeroy's violoncello solo gave much delight; as did songs by Mrs. Probert-Goodwin, Mr. E. T. Morgan, and Mr. Montague Worlock, local artists of high repute.

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